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The genius of Degas and his supreme powers as a draughtsman were illustrated by a typical "Danseuse," while that of his understudy, Forain, was shown by a group of works in etching, oil and pastel. Forain is certainly an immensely clever draughtsman, his line as strong and expressive as a master from Japan. His realism is as unflinching and his vision as penetrating and even more cruel than that of Degas. The etchings possess great technical beauty and are full of strong characterization. But his work is too much an echo of his master—at times it is veritable caricature. How differently has the charming art of Mary Cassatt been inspired by Degas! Forain is to Degas what Boucher was to Watteau and what Walter Greaves (his exhibition caused quite a sensation in London this spring) is to Whistler. They expose the tricks of their masters.

D. Y. Cameron is a painter of great distinction as well as one of the masters

of etching, and his "The Hills of Skye," shown at this exhibition, was a canvas possessing great beauty. The paintings sent by James Pryde and Charles Ricketts were also very notable performances and possessed great merit, while the few pieces of sculpture which adorned the exhibition were of a high order. The two examples of Rodin's art, one in bronze and one a marble, and Troubetzkoy's living "Hound" and gracious "Princess T. and Child" represented the best in modern sculpture. Rodin, who brought out a volume dealing with art this June, is a master sculptor, but much of his influence has been baneful. Four-fifths of the output of the sculptors' studios now comes forth in an unfinished state, and too many artists of the moment have neglected to learn to draw and to equip themselves with a knowledge of the technique of their art. Whistler said with great truth that this is an age of rapid results.

ART AND INDIVIDUALITY*

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PART I

IN spite of the seeming indefiniteness of the theme it is the purpose of this essay to deal clearly with certain expressions of life as embodied in Art. Pre-requisite to this is a carefully surveyed field and a firm foundation; a foundation based on knowledge that the superstructure may safely soar into the realms of the imagination and fancy—soar into those realms and yet lose nothing of its reality. Clear definition makes a good foundation stone and the more crystalline the stone the better it is for our purpose.

What is Art? What is Individuality? Art? Art is the resultant of doing things beautifully!—not necessarily of doing beautiful things, certainly not of doing beautiful things badly, but of doing any-

thing beautifully, so that having been done the thing shall have been done in accordance with the laws of Beauty. Individuality is that characteristic something which distinguishes one from another, whether that one be a person, a community, or a race. Humanity is so constituted that the art which lives, the only art which lives to bear its record of a life or of a civilization, is the art which does beautifully those things which find sympathetic response in the higher nature and instincts, and reflect the finer characteristics of the individual and the race. "Art for art's sake" is an odorless flower of an ephemeral nature. "Art for art's sake" is quite of a piece with that "virtue" which "is its own reward."

*A paper read at the Convention of the American Federation of Arts held at Washington, D. C., on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of May, 1911.

There is no virtue in that art, nor art in that virtue, which is practiced in a closet or in a desert or remote from human contact and has not in its intention and design the idea of carrying a message of beauty or of helpfulness to the neighbor and through the neighbor to the community. In the practice of art as in the practice of virtue something is to be considered besides the thing or the deed, some one is to be considered besides the practitioner only. That something is the upward striving instinct in humanity—that some one is the individual, the community, the race.

There are two distinct though closely related individualities to be dealt with, then, in the consideration of this topic, the individuality of the artist and the individuality of the race. From the standpoint of either the subject is to be treated objectively and subjectively. The relationship of the artist to the expression of the race spirit is so intimate and the interrelation so intricate as to have produced certain confusion and to have caused certain misapprehension. I am going to be presumptuous enough to attempt to clarify this relation.

I shall make my excursions mostly into the field of architecture, for architecture, not only being the master of the arts, has kept records of the great past on which we may firmly base our conclusions.

As I have indicated, only that art endures which expresses the deeper nature of the race, the higher and richer life of its day. Time wipes out the accidental and the incidental and preserves in the forms of art only that of intrinsic worth. Only great and fundamental characteristics were echoed in "the Pyramids, the Parthenon, and England's Abbeys." It is apparent, then, that the individual artist is deeply concerned in the expression of the race spirit if his influence is to live and his work to become a part of enduring history. It is a matter of free will, however, and not at all of predestination or of outside control, though that phase suggests itself: Art is conscious, otherwise it is not art, it is nature. Nature is *not* conscious. In unconscious obedience to the law of life nature pro-

duces beautiful forms—unconsciously the tree leaves, the flower blooms, the feather or shell assumes its shape and takes on its beautiful colors. In conscious obedience to the laws of art the artist creates beautiful forms. When "the passive master lent his hand" he was "passive" in the sense that he did not antagonize that spirit which was calling within him—not in the sense that he did not know what he was doing. He did not leave the evolution of beauty to the "conscious stone." He did not wilfully violate rules of grammar in order to express his misconception of individuality; he did not distort lines of repose to express aspiration or movement; he did not place a surface in a distant plane and then belie its position by applying to it an advancing color. Nature, or "the vast soul" that o'erplans nature, has set once and forever the bounds of expression, and the artist accepts the limitations or he is no artist. The authority behind the fundamental laws of nature and the underlying principles of art the artist recognizes and respects or again he is no artist. Nature has just as surely touched with the spirit of eternal unrest the surface of the mighty waters as she has set the seal of everlasting silence within their cavernous depths, has just as surely set the stamp of unending repose upon the granite cliffs of the cañon as she has touched with pathetic evanescence the sweet breath of the violet which blooms on the craggy ledge. Every movement and mass in nature has its unalterable meaning which the artist never fails to recognize; nor does he lose cognizance of the absolute underlying principles of art. He knows that a certain combination of forms and masses will induce the feeling of repose, and just as surely will another combination awaken the sentiment of aspiration. That one mass will excite to activity, another will lull to rest; one combination will inspire to reverence, to devotion, to adoration, another will irritate and depress; one will make its appeal to the intellect, another will touch the heart, one will set the heart blood a-tingling, another will chill the genial current; that one combination will express the eternal, another the

ephemeral. The true artist is master of these forms, and consciously he uses them, as the musician manipulates the stops and keys of his instrument, while the race spirit, consciously or subconsciously, in him suggests the theme.

One peculiar phase touching personality as distinguished from individuality, may be noted here. The traits of personality are of the accidentals or incidentals which art ignores. Art, the mistress, demands of her subject that he be master of his implements, and if he be a master not one whit does she care what may be his personal beliefs and habits. It is temperament in the artist and not creed that counts. When Emerson makes "the hand that rounded Peter's dome" work in a spirit of "sad sincerity" and says "himself from God he could not free," and then "He builded better than he knew," he does not state the entire proposition. The impressionable mind did try sincerely and consciously to interpret impressions and to set the stamp of individuality upon his creations. He was a "willing mind" but also he was a knowing mind. Further on in the poem, emphasizing the thought, Emerson, in speaking of "the pyramids," "the Parthenon" and "England's Abbeys," says

"These temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey but not surpass."

But here again the poet did not tell it all: he takes no cognizance of the temperament and individuality of the artist—he was right in ignoring personality but not in ignoring individuality. However, he nearly rights himself when he says,

"For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air."

Out of the conscious mind and full heart of man these temples rose in response to a call of the Creator, as voiced in the forms of nature and in the soul of man, as voiced in the level plain of the desert, in the rounded or rugged mass of the mountain, in the sunlight and in the mist persistently insistent, or playing at hide and seek o'er hill and vale; as voiced in nature, appealing to the impressionable soul of man. And so naturally, distinctively, inevitably grew these temples in their proper environment as grow the

palm, the laurel, and the English rose; but these temples assumed the distinctive forms which clothe their individuality, because the artist tried consciously to express in the most beautiful form and convincing manner the appealing characteristics which inhered in the life about him—because the artist recognized and ministered consciously to the proper spirit of the time and place, which is, in its final analysis, the sublime soul of the race.

Herein, then, lies the great lesson for the artist individualist to-day (for each true artist is in the very nature of things an individualist)—namely, to search consciously, sincerely, and unceasingly for the proper spirit of his time and place, and having found, to embody in form only such qualities and attributes as shall draw the beholder irresistibly onward and upward; not to search for something outside of his time and environment, something which shall startle the race and give it a thrill, but for some deep sentiment, for some characteristic note, which, being sounded, the race shall by sympathetic vibration recognize as its own and receive to its heart, for, like the Lord, the race is mindful of its own!—and that is what has made history.

Up to now the race expression is the clearest and purest chord which has been struck in the world symphony, keyed in the joy of living—the joy of living that divine essence for the distilling of which alone art exists; and may the race expression never fade until it is wiped out in some greater joy, the character of which it is impossible for us now even to conjecture. May it still exist, the clear, pure expression of the national spirit, of the race spirit—each nation, each race, sounding the stops of its individual life, now in obbligato, now in crescendo, now in diminuendo, always itself, and all the instruments guided and the score harmonized by the world soul, the "vast soul that o'er" them plans. God forbid that the instruments in this great cosmic orchestra should ever be forced to play in unison "Yankee Doodle" or Colonial, the "Marseillaise" or Beaux Arts, the "Wacht am Rhein" or German Classic, the Eng-

lish Renaissance, or "the dull gray dawn of the morning after," or any one of a hundred tunes which on occasion an individual instrument may utter "staccato" with brilliant effect. God help us, and the joy of living, when the art of the world shall be dictated by Paris, or by New York, or by Tokyo, or by Chicago, for then it will be a mean, narrow, spiritless, monotonous little world, and there will be no incentive to leave the confines of one's back stoop, or the contemplation of one's own petty thoughts! What if the Garden of Eden had dictated and had continued to dictate in the realm of art or in any of the forms of life expression! There would have been no Egypt—no delving among the tombs, no deciphering of hieroglyphics, no awesome contemplation of the Pyramids or the temples of the Nile. Greece would have been less than a spot. Rome would not have stunned us with the grandeur of her power. No shrines tearing our heart chords asunder with the intensity of the feeling wrought into their sculptured stones would have come to us out of the Middle Ages, no nice little copybook exercises would have been prepared for us by the Renaissance! If Eden had ruled

and continued to rule we would have no absorbing problems to work out to-day—problems involving the existence of our governmental structure—our mental, spiritual and material life, and the sincere enduring art expression of it all. If Eden had ruled, if Paris had ruled, if Spain had ruled, if the Latin countries had ruled, this problem, for it is all one problem, would not have been ours. Eden would have given us no problem, Latin Europe would have given us a different one, and, ignoring our individuality, would have endeavored to settle it for us, as, to-day even, Latin Europe is trying to crowd its church upon us and to cram its art forms down our throats! So let us thank fortune that our own individual problem has been given us to solve in our own individual way, and let us realize that it is a problem which is worthy of a solution that shall stand out a clear, clean-cut page in the world's history of achievement—and thank fortune if we have, and if we have not, pray fate to send us men of spirit, of intellect, of heart and understanding, men attuned to the message of the world soul who shall interpret justly and fully our age to coming time.

EDWIN A. ABBEY

ONE of America's most distinguished artists passed from the field of endeavor, when, on August 1st, Edwin A. Abbey died in London.

Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia on April 1, 1852, the son of a prosperous merchant. In early childhood he manifested talent for art and when but 14 years of age one of his drawings was published. Two years later he began studying wood engraving, which, however, he very shortly abandoned for original illustrative work. For a time he studied at the Pennsylvania Academy School.

His first success was achieved as an illustrator of Herrick's poems and Goldsmith's comedies. Later he illustrated,

with exceptional charm, the Shakespearian plays. He made a great study of costume and was very regardful of historical accuracy. While in New York he worked both for the *Harpers* and the *Century*.

Twenty-four years ago he took up his residence in England, and there were painted the "Holy Grail" decorations for the Public Library, Boston, "Sylvia" owned by the Carnegie Institute, "The Trial of Queen Catherine" belonging to Mr. W. A. Clark, the official picture of King Edward's coronation, and numerous other works in oil and water color. At the time of his death he was painting a series of decorations for the State House at Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania.